Ile winne our ancient right in *France* againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King,
Glo. Short summers likely haue a forward spring.
Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*,
Prin. *Richard* of *Yorke* how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept this Title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiesty,
Glo. How faires our cousen noble Lord of *Yorke*.
Yor. I thanke you gentle Vncle; O my Lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth;
The Prince my brother hath ouer-growne me farre.
Glo. Hee hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire cousen I must not say so.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this Dagger.
Glo. My Dagger little cousen, withall my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vncle that I know will giue.
And being but a toy which is no gift, to giue,
Glo. A greater gift then that Ile giue my cousen.
Yor. A greater gift, O thats the Sword to it.
Glo. I gentle cousen were it light enough.
Yor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.
Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thinke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yorke*, Little.
Prin. My L. of *Yorke* will still be crosse in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me;
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because

Because that I am little like an A
He thinkes that you should bea
Buc. With what a sharpe prou
To mitigate the scorne he giues
He pretely and aptly taunts him
So cunning and so young is won
Glo. My Lo. wilt please you pa
My selfe and my good cousin *B*
Will to your mother, to intreat
To meet you at the Tower, and
Yor. What will you go vnto the
Prin. My Lord protector will h
Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet
Glo. Why what should you fe
Yor. Marry my vncle *Clarence*
My granam told me, he was mur
Prin. I feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I
But come my Lord, with a heau
Thinking on them, goe I vnto th
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dor
Buc. Thinke you my L. this litt
Was not incenced by his subtile
To taunt and scorne you thus o
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, O ti
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward
He is all the mothers from the to
Buc. Well let them rest: com
Thou art sworn as deeply to effe
As closely to conceale what we
Thou knowest our reasons vrgd
What thinkest thou, is it not an
To make *William L. Hastings* o
For the instalment of this noble
In the seate royall of this fame
Cat. He for his fathers sake so
That he will not be wonne to o
Buc. What thinkest thou then

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37